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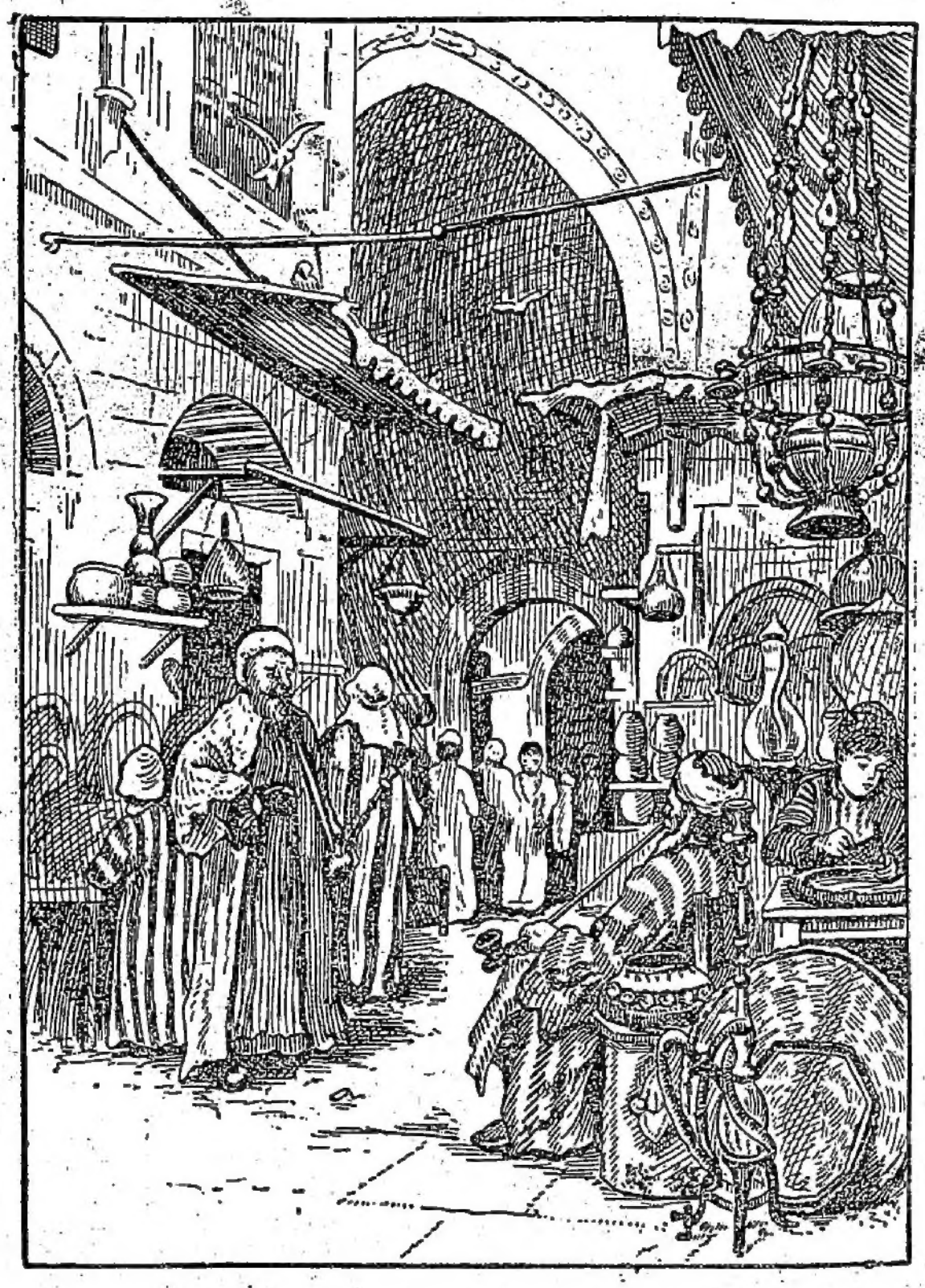
Sights In Cairo.

(By Annette L. Noble.)

If any boy or girl who reads this paper were to go to Cairo, Egypt, the first visit made would very likely be to the Moskee or principal business street. There your first thought might be, 'This is like a mixture of Barnum's circus, Noah's ark, and the Chicago Fair.' People of different nations, clad in brilliant-colored clothing, gold-embroidered and queerly fashioned, jostle filthy creatures with almost no clothing. Camels plod along with their noses right over your head and their big spongy feet almost on yours; donkeys crowd you to the wall. You are almost run over by people on horses or



mules, because there is no pavement, and you want to be looking at everything. You can, however, take all day to gaze, for people seldom hurry there.

To the right of the Moskee is a network of bazaars, all very interesting. These narrow streets are often roofed with matting, that keeps the bazaars cooler, and lets the light sift down on the mysterious riches inside the shop. In the front of the smaller bazaars squats the owner, a Turk, Arab, Greek, or Syrian. He sells jewels, embroideries, rugs, weapons, gold, silver, brass, porcelain, mother-of-pearl, almost everything Oriental you care to see. If you will enter the bazaar he will show you his treasures and never tease you to buy. If he thinks you mean to buy, however, he has coffee served to you in tiny cups, or Persian tea in tall, iridescent glasses. Then if he can, he will, in the most elegant and polite way, cheat you by asking five times the value of his goods.

Then there are the grander shops like the brass bazar shown in the picture. Here you see the owner (who is not a Turk), sitting smoking while people come and go. Around him are all sorts of brass articles, from those requiring skilled workmen doing very artistic designs, to the showy round salvers which these boys are hammering figures on. They work very rapidly, and make impressions of camels and unicorns, or processions of animals. When done the trays are used for the coffee cups. In front of the two trays in the picture you see a pipe or nargileh. It is different from the one the merchant uses, and is sometimes called a hubble-bubble. All over Egypt and Palestine and Syria you will see men sitting smoking through the long tube that is wound about the standard of this one. The smoke passes through water before reaching the mouth.

All day long people will walk through this bazaar as if it were a museum. Women will come. One will have a black silk garment covering her from head to heels. You will see her forehead and eyes, but over her nose and the rest of her face will be a black mask fastened to a thing not unlike a corkscrew. All the men will wear turbans or red fezes, and many will be dressed in silk and cashmere, purple, green, rose-color, brown or pink. Some will wear bright yellow, but the most of them, bright red, morocco slippers.

If you were to take a walk through Cairo every day for months you would see some new, queer sight. Howling dervishes, and whirling ones, snake-charmers, story-tellers, Sais, or swift runners before horses. You would see weddings and funerals queer as any other strange show, and often the Khedive himself.—'Child's Paper.'

The Prayer of a 'Shut-In'.

The 'Presbyterian Banner' thus reports a recent sermon by the Rev. D. L. Moody, in Pittsburg:

'I want to speak to you this afternoon on the subject of prayer. It is a wonderful power. I would rather know how to pray right than to own all the gold in Alaska. I would rather have the power to "move the arm that moves the world" than to wear the crown of an earthly king.

'What this country needs is not so much great preachers as Christians who know how to pray. I would rather know how to pray like Daniel or like Elijah on Mount Carmel than to be able to preach like Gabriel. Many Christians are praying almost without ceasing, and yet their prayers are without power, for they are not offered in the right way. They themselves realize that their prayers are not followed by showers of spiritual blessing. They know that no answer comes down from heaven.

'Why is this? What is the matter? Real prayer always brings the answer. It is as true now as in the time of James that "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I remember an incident that took place during my visit to London in 1872. I refer to it because it illustrates the power of prayer, and may encourage some who are disheartened because the answers to their prayers are long delayed.

'I was asked by a minister to preach in his church one Sabbath, and I went up to the place in the morning. It was a church about the size of this one, and a good many people were there. I tried to preach, but labored hard over it. It seemed to me I had so little strength that morning. I went through with the service, but it appeared to me to be one of the coldest meetings I ever attended. I returned in the evening and preached again with about the same feeling. I was surprised at the results. When I had finished I did what I do not usually do. I

called for all who felt that they would like to become Christians to rise, and so many stood up that I was fairly dazed. It seemed to me that a holy hush from heaven had fallen upon that meeting, and the presence of God was manifest there. I asked the pastor, "What does this mean?" and he said, "I don't know." "Who are these people?" "Some of them are my own people, and some of them I don't know," he said.

'I thought they might have acted hastily, and so invited all who really wanted to become Christians to come into an after-meeting in the lecture-room, and the aisles were blocked with those who came. I talked to them for a while and tried to account for the wonderful scene. Then it occurred to me that I had better give them twenty-four hours to think it over, and told them that there would be a meeting of all who really wanted to become Christians, in that room, on Monday night.

'Next morning I went up to Dublin, where I had an engagement, and on Tuesday evening received a telegram from the London pastor, which said, "Come back at once; more people out on Monday evening than ever." I went right back, and remained with him for ten days. The result of that meeting was that 400 people connected themselves with his church on profession of their faith, and many were added to neighboring congregations.

'Now for the explanation, There was in that church a "shut in." I mean by that an invalid lady who had been obliged to cease all church work and remain in her home continually. She had grieved over her situation, for she was anxious to do something for the Lord. "It don't seem that I can do any more," she said; but it occurred to her that there was one thing that she could do, and that was to pray.

'She began to pray for a revival in the church, which she realized was cold and formal and dead. She asked that the Lord would send a preacher there who would be able to revive them. Having read of some of my meetings in America, when no one came to the rescue of the church, she asked specifically that in some way "Mr. Moody, of America," might be sent to preach to them. This was her constant prayer for months, although she had no definite idea how it was to be answered.

'When our morning service was ended that day, the invalid's sister, who had been present, went home and said to her, "Guess who preached for us this morning?" She mentioned a variety of names, and was kept guessing till she had exhausted her list. Then she was told that it was the "Mr. Moody" for whom she had been praying. She said, "That is in answer to my prayers, and I am sure God has sent a blessing with him." They brought her dinner as usual, but she would not touch it. "No," she said, "I will fast to-day, and keep on praying."

'That night while I preached she prayed. That was the secret of the wonderful change from ice to fire which took place in that congregation. That was the secret of the wonderful revival which followed. Do you want any more striking illustration of the power of prayer? Yet such results lie within the power of every Christian in this city. We have blessings as the result of these meetings within our reach. Will we pray aright? That is the question.

'Now I want to point out some of the characteristics of right prayer, so that we may understand what it is.

'First, there should be adoration. One great tendency of the day is to pray carelessly and flippantly. We should ever remember as we come into his presence that God is a holy being; that even the angels as they approach him cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.'

'Second, the suppliant should see that he himself is right before God. I believe that many of our prayers fail to receive answers because there is something wrong in our lives.'

Mr. Moody urged the purification of the life as a requisite to acceptable prayer, and said he would continue his discussion of the theme at the evening service.

Acquainted With Sinners.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Berenice Hapworthy threw down her duster with a touch of impatience — an unusual thing for her Her face, too, had an unaccustomed expression of perplexity and discouragement

'I'll go and have a talk with Dr. Ferguson right now,' she said half aloud. 'Poor man! Two weeks of 'special effort' and no one saved But there has been no one to save. I don't believe there was a "sinner" at the meeting last night—present company excepted. How can we compel people to come to church and be converted?'

Half an hour later Miss Hapworthy was sitting with her pastor and pouring out to him her questions and self-accusations. He listened with a quiet smile and then, instead of the counsel she had hoped for, came a startling request.

'I am forced to go into the country to-night. I want you to lead the meeting and say to the people what you have said to me.'

Miss Hapworthy gasped.

'Well!' she said, after a pause, 'I was brought up to render obedience to those in authority. But—'

'I will risk the 'but,' little woman. Just do what I say—the Holy Spirit is in the lead, I am sure.'

The church membership knew and cordially liked Berenice Hapworthy. She had lived among them for years, was a regular attendant at all services, subscribing faithfully to the financial calls of the church, and always in her lot and place on special occasions. When she took her stand at the leader's table the evening following her visit to the pastor, her heart beat fast, but she stood in the presence of friends. After the opening hymn, she opened the bible and without comment read from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, beginning with the words, 'When the Son of man shall come in his glory and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory.'

That Wednesday night was the fifth night of the coldest weather the city had experienced in years. Public sympathy had been aroused and there was much activity in the interests of the suffering poor. The mercy and help department of the league, the deaconess and the church 'visitor,' had done much to relieve cases coming immediately under their notice.

There was one member of the official board of the church at the meeting, and he wondered why Miss Hapworthy had made the selection from Matthew. Of course, she had the poor and hungry in mind. But the fund for emergency cases always had a little ready money, what more could he do? Some of the listeners who were 'perfectly familiar' with the chapter patiently closed their eyes. But a few—that blessed, 'faithful few' who make the mighty foundation of the church—listened with reverence.

'There is no need for me,' said the leader, closing over the book, 'to emphasize the suffering in our city at this time and our duty in regard to the poor. I am only here to give a bit of personal experience and to ask your help.'

The official member brightened up, closed eyes opened, the watchful sympathy upon the faces of the few deepened. The personal touch is attractive.

'During this bitter weather,' continued the leader, with tremulous voice, 'I have sat by my comfortable fire, slept in my warm bed and enjoyed my good meals with a positive pain in my heart. It is not wrong for me to have these comforts. My trouble has been, that with some little ability to help another, I do not know personally one really poor person in this city.'

'Why don't you put your money in the poor fund, sister?' interrupted the official member.

'There came to my door yesterday,' went on Miss Hapworthy, 'a man wanting work. I was able to give him some, and as I paid him he spoke about the hard times and how he had suffered in trying to supply his barest needs. "Are you a Christian?" I asked him. He looked startled, and then said slowly: "I have worked up and down these streets all winter for ladies who are employed in Christian work, kind-hearted woman they are too, but you are the first one who has said a word to me about my soul," I only tell you this, dear friends, to illustrate my text and tell you what is in my heart.

'There is hunger of souls which the Bread of Life alone can satisfy. Thousands pass by us every day who are parched for a draught of living water. Sin is making millions sick, and the chains of unrighteousness bind those meant to walk free in the steps of Jesus Christ. You and I have been fed, our thirst quenched, our sickness healed, our chains struck off. . . . I wonder if our Lord meant only bodily hunger, physical suffering in this parable? Was not that man of whom I have spoken made in his image? May it not be that Chirst will say to some for whom he worked this winter, "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat," for he was pitifully hungry to hear the truth? . . . Our hearts have been sad for some time because our altar is not thronged with sinners seeking salvation. I have been thinking of my possible share in the hindrance. I have told you that I do not know personally one destitute person. Sadder still, I do not know—well enough to help them—Christ's hungry souls. Yet he has given me bread and to spare. . . . . When our pastor tells me to bring the unconverted to church, how am I to go about it? If I have taken no interest in these people for eleven months of the year, why should they listen to me on the twelfth? Is it not likely that if I had been interested in their daily lives I could now command their attention when I say: "Friend, I know you are hungry, I know where you may be fed; will you come with us, and we will do you good?" May I not read the parable once more with this thought in mind?'

There were no closed eyes or tolerant listeners at the second reading, and before the meeting closed some unusual prayers had been offered in earnest humility.

On the following evening, just before the pastor rose to speak, the official member sprang to his feet.

'Doctor,' he said, 'you will forgive us when we say with all love and all loyalty, we are glad you were absent from us last night. The sister who stood in your place gave us a plain message. Our eyes have been opened. Some of us have been conferring, and we want to have the meetings close for a season while we make a business of getting acquainted with our unconverted neighbors.'

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Not long after the above incident there was a noticeable growth in attendance at the regular services and Sunday school. In less than two months a committee waited on the pastor with a call from the church membership for special meetings, that seeking souls might be cared for.

'Why doesn't Berenice Hapworthy come to all the meetings?' asked someone.

'She is at them all in spirit and by representatives,' answered a member of the official board. 'She works down town all day and she devotes some of her evenings to getting acquainted with the poor and unconverted people in the vicinity of the church. It was a little speech from her that started this revival, and she brings in more unconverted people than any three among us. She seems to see her Lord in every sinning soul.'

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trouble ?' the doctor asked in a business-like manner.

'None in the world, or I should not have applied for this work. But my ten minutes are up. Here are my references and my address; let me hear as soon as you can what you have to say to my plan.'

'I do not need any reference,' said the doctor gravely, 'and all I can say is, I shall be most happy to have a Sister Dora at my call.'

She shook her head, and gave him a bright look as she passed out. 'I have neither the pluck nor the piety to make a Sister Dora, but there may be a humbler rank in the same vocation for Sister Phoebe.'

In the next two weeks Mrs. McVeigh's daughters furnished a nurse's valise, holding everything that their tender imaginations could suggest as useful for the mother's new enterprise, and one evening a sound of particularly rapid wheels on their gravel—they lived about two miles from the city—brought Mrs. McVeigh herself to the portico, Dr. Haywood lifted his hat to her from his buggy.

'Is Sister Phoebe ready for work ?'

'Will be in ten minutes,' was the quick reply.

'Ah,' said the doctor, 'I remember that your ten minutes are to be trusted, madam.'

In even less time she was on the front-steps, two pretty young women clinging to either side of her.

'Remember, doctor,' said one, 'you are only to call mother in cases of real need.'

'And not too often then,' said the other. 'We can't see why our mother is not satisfied to do like other mothers, sit in the chimney-corner and help nurse our babies; but she isn't, and we have to let her go. But, doctor one of our stipulations is that she is to have a long rest, a long one, between each nursing spree.'

'Go back, chatterboxes, and get out of the way of the wheels,' and kissing her hand to the two reluctant faces, the mother was gone.

Dr. Haywood was not a talkative man, and Mrs. McVeigh wished to appear only in the light of her new profession, so the drive was a silent one. As they neared the hospital, the doctor said,

'I have two patients whose need is about the same—both so far gone that they are utterly helpless. One is a child of twelve years, who has about two weeks to live; the other a poor old man who may last a month.'

'I should think, doctor,' said the new nurse, with quick decision, 'that I might have entire charge of the old man, and help with the child and others. I prefer the old man.'

'Humph!' said the doctor; 'how's that?'

'The reason,' she said, 'must be evident to you; the child will have all the attention the nurses can possibly spare her, the old man may lack attention.'

'Humph!' said the doctor again. 'You may feel a little faint or nervous,' he said, helping her to the ground, 'when you first take your place in the ward; have you anything about you that will act as a corrective ?'

'Yes,' said Sister Phoebe softly, standing by while he slipped the bridle-strap into the ring on the curb, 'I have this: "Thy brother—for whom Christ died."'

'Humph!' said the doctor for the third time, and so expressively that a white-winged prayer rose instantly from the heart beside him :

'For all who have erred and are deceived, we beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.'

Dr. Haywood's ward was a large, well ventilated hall with fifty beds in it, separated from one another by wide white curtains of heavy sheeting, slipping on rings along a brass rod about two feet from the ceiling.

The old man was not an interesting patient; he was dull with years of hard, unintelligent toil, and his untrained, unfurnished mind seemed not to comprehend anything now that was said to him. The duties to be performed for him were wearying and disagreeable in the extreme. Dr. Haywood watched his new nurse closely, and found she neither flinched nor flagged, she took her food with relish, went promptly to her own cot when off duty, and came back to her work fresh and cheerful. Meantime, her influence was felt in little ripples of help through the whole ward; every few days a big locked basket was sent from the country daughters with flowers, light bread, fruit, sometimes one thing, sometimes another, but always flowers; and Dr. Haywood wondered when the busy sister found time to visit all the cots, where the flowers told of her presence.

The doctor was mistaken about the old man, for he died the day before the child, who lived, as he had thought, just two weeks. Every day Sister Phoebe had prayed at this bedside and repeated bible verses, but her ministry called forth no word or sign of interest. A little while, however, before the last the old man rallied his powers, as the dying do sometimes, and spoke to his nurse with startling ditinctness.

'I say, he's a-bin a-list'nin,' hesn't he ?'

'You mean the Lord ?'

'Ay, the same.'

'Yes, he always listens.'

'And he'll do what you bin a-askin' ?'

There was a moment of terrible hesitation in Sister Phoebe's mind. She had been praying every day, in a few short, distinct sentences, that the Lord would forgive this dying sinner and save his soul.

'Is he a-goin' to do it ?' repeated the old man.

'If you want him to save you he will.'

'Wont he ef you want it ?'

'But surely,' cried the nurse, 'you want to be saved.'

'Ay, sartin.'

And then not another word or sign of consciousness, only a long painful struggle for breath and the soul was gone. Where ? The nurse could not be sure, but she had a trembling hope, and went back to her children's home the next day saying over and over to herself, 'I will in no wise cast out.'

Then followed a month's rest. And with what zest she enjoyed the cool, quiet portico, the shade of the trees, the flowers, the home petting; but more than all she rejoiced in the prospect of active work for the Master, and was growing impatient of her long playtime, when a messenger came with a note from Dr. Haywood, 'Will Sister Phoebe be ready to go to Atlantic City, in the practice of her profession, on the five-o'clock train this afternoon ?'

'Sister Phoebe is ready,' was the response, and the next day she breathed a welcome to the blue Atlantic.

How different it was from the hospital ward and the poor, helpless old man! Her patient, the daughter of a very rich man, was a fair young girl of eighteen, whose mother had died of consumption in Ellen's babyhood. All these years Dr. Haywood and the father had watched and guarded her, trying to keep the foe at bay; but here it was, in the very citadel of the young life, and sooner or later surrender must follow.

'Don't torment that child with too many prayers,' said the doctor gruffly, 'and don't talk to her about dying.'

'I am one under authority, doctor,' said the nurse, with that rare smile, 'and when my orders conflict I obey the higher.' With which the doctor had to be content.

'To think, father,' said the weak, tired voice, 'of having a lady to nurse me, with soft hands and sweet voice, and one who reads delightfully.'

At first the nurse read such books as the father kept heaped on Ellen's table, novels altogether, and of the very lightest character, but in response to a postal-card sent to her daughter a package came to Sister Phoebe herself, and she playfully insisted that she should read, turn about, one of Ellen's books and one of her own. To which the patient consented with languid curiosity. Sister Phoebe's first book was 'Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On,' one of Pansy's very best. It was utterly different from anything Ellen had known. She knew her creed and catechism and the Ten Commandments, but the every-day religion that dear old Mrs. Solomon Smith wore in every fold of her gown, that throbbed in all her pulses, making love at once the law of her life and her life's blessed reward—to all this Ellen was a stranger.

Sister Phoebe began to read the quaint, spicy story with the trembling eagerness of one who throws a rope to a drowning man. If he can clutch the rope, it means getting back to the warm, sunny bank, the flowers, the sweet air; it means life. If he fails, it means despair. Would she clutch the rope, this perishing child, who did not seem to feel that she had a soul ?

She was interested from the first page, and as the reading went on, a little at a time—for a little only was judicious—a questioning awe dawned in the large, dark eyes, and Sister Phoebe prayed all along the lines that the glad tidings preached by the lovely Christian life of Pansy's Mrs. Solomon Smith might reach Ellen's heart. And it did, so quietly, so gently, that it was days before the nurse could feel sure of it.

'Please don't read any more to-day,' was all she said when the book closed with that beautiful picture of the old Christian going home. And again the next day and the next she did not want any reading, but lay with eyes full of earnest thought in utter quiet.

And Sister Phoebe sat over by the window, out of sight, with some work in her hands, but the hands did not work much. They were holding each other tight in passionate prayer for the eternal life of the young soul that seemed fast slipping away from this.

'Sister Phoebe,' said Ellen at last, 'Mrs. Solomon Smith talks a new language to me.'

'It is the language of the kingdom of heaven, my dear,' answered the sister quietly.

'How can I learn it ?'

'As a little child.'

'Oh, yes, that is what the bible says. And I am so glad it is as a little child,' she went on, bright tears dropping over her cheeks, 'for I am too weak now to learn any other way.'

Happy days followed. The sad indifference with which Ellen had looked out upon every thing was changed to a keen and eager interest.

'I no longer feel that I am leaving everything,' she said to her father. 'Sister Phoebe and Mrs. Solomon Smith have shown me that I am going to everything.'

It was plain she had realized, more fully than they knew, her dying condition.

'Do you think there is anything I can do with the little time I have left,' she asked her nurse.

'You may do the work of a thousand years,' she answered. 'For one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.'

'Yes, yes,' said the girl joyfully, 'I see and

I want to begin my thousand years' work right now.'

And she did. In the weeks that they stayed at Atlantic City Ellen's pretty room, hitherto shut off from all visitors, became an attractive place to which all were made welcome. The new spirit within her brought for a time new bodily strength to the invalid, and she was soon able to be dressed and laid on a couch, where she courted the visits that were gladly made.

And such skill she developed for her new ministry! Not Sister Phoebe herself, though wise-hearted in such ways, had so much tact as this snowdrop of a girl in cheering the sad, helping the needy, turning light-thoughted young minds to earnest things, and everywhere speaking a word for her Master. Sister Phoebe's consecrated life, though this was told in sweet lawful secrecy when the nurse was not by, was the theme that easily and naturally led to 'Mrs. Solomon Smith's business, as Ellen called it. And all unexpectedly a new happening followed. Among the chance acquaintances that thronged the place that long, hot summer were two whose hearts took fire from Sister Phoebe's example; one was an old maid, to whom life was a dull, empty affair, who had tried hard to become absorbed in Ladies' Societies and Sunday-schools without seeming to fit any such places. 'But I know I can nurse,' she said to Sister Phoebe. 'I have always been counted good at that. Won't you get the doctor to try me too for hospital service and poor-nursing?'

Along with this sere and yellow leaf came a fresh girl of nineteen, blooming like a rose and full of eager enthusiasm. 'Oh,' she said, 'I've always wished I could be a sister of Charity, but never could see that sisterhood and vows, even Protestant ones, were right; now I want to belong to your sisterhood, my sweet Lady Superior. I even want to wear your gray serge and soft white muslins. Please, please write to the doctor and ask if I may belong.'

Sister Phoebe wrote, and immediately received this brief reply: 'I will employ any one belonging to Sister Phoebe's Salvage Corps.'

To-day Sister Phoebe is nursing a man who had his leg crushed between two freight-cars. His wife's last baby was only a few days old when the accident happened, and Dr. Haywood could hardly wait the short ten minutes for the nurse. The people are very poor, but in the two years since Sister Phoebe began to nurse Dr. Haywood has put in the bank to her credit several handsome sums, handed him by patients grateful for her services, and this does a great deal to help the Hirsts bear their misfortune cheerfully.

Mrs. Hirst, too, as she lies on her poor cot, is learning valuable lessons about tidy ways. The nurse has read her no lectures on neatness, but she found a bit of red string with which to hang up an old broom in the closet behind the door, putting under it a topless tin box contributed by ten-year-old Tim, and now Mrs. Hirst sees how easy it is to get rid of the litter every little while.

During long, sunny September days Sister Phoebe takes a little work-box out of her valise and mends the little Hirsts' rips and tears. She had told them bible stories every day, to which the father and mother listen too, and if they resist her gentle drawing towards God their Father, and his purpose for them, they will be the first of Sister Phoebe's patients who have been unmoved by her.

And about the Salvage Corps? It numbers now five, besides Sister Phoebe, to whom they report as a sort of directress, though there is no formal organization. Dr. Haywood and several other doctors who have learned his secret go to Sister Phoebe when they are in straits, and she either supplies their need herself or finds out which one of her fellow-workers can go, judging which one is best suited for the place.

It is well there are no vows to be taken, for the pretty girl who found Sister Phoebe at Atlantic City, after doing some very good and enthusiastic work, married a young doctor, as was natural and right. Another devoted worker found her health would not stand nursing, and had to find some other direction for her 'helping' work.

But among all the many Christian workers, organized and unorganized, to whom the Lord has divided out talents, one and two and ten, none are gathering a more blessed increase than the little band who have learned from Dr. Haywood to call themselves 'Sister Phoebe's Salvage Corps.'—'Illustrated Christian Weekly.'

Wrong's Wrong, and Right's Right.

('Friendly Greetings.')

'Here's a lark!' said Charlie Allright, joining his wife on the platform at Fenchurch Street Station. They were going to spend a bank holiday at Southend. 'That fool of a clerk's been and given me a sov. too much change.'

'A sovereign too much!' exclaimed Lucy, her eyes opening wide with astonishment. 'I think I should take it back to him, Charlie; perhaps it'll get him into trouble.'

'Not I!' replied her husband. 'The company'll make it all right, never you fear; and if we don't hurry, we'll lose our train.'

Baby woke up just as they were getting into the train, and occupied all Lucy's thoughts and attention until after they had started; and then she was busy looking at the places they were passing, and did not think any more about the wrong change.

'Stepney!' she exclaimed as the train stopped at the first station; 'why that's where Amy's living. I didn't know as we were going anywhere near it. I should like to see her again.'

'What, my little blue-eyed cousin Amy, as I used to call my little wife afore I ever see you, Lucy? Well, I haven't seen her these five years; she was a slip of a girl then, looking very delicate. P'raps she's stronger now she's married and got a baby. What's her husband, Lucy?'

'Something on the railway, I was told—guard or something; I don't know, but they live at 6 Nelson street, Stepney. Couldn't we stop and see them going home, Charlie?'

Charles Allright pondered for a few minutes, and then laughed as he said:

'To be sure. I'll take an extra day's holiday on the strength of that sov. We'll come quietly home with the swells on Tuesday, and we'll stop at Stepney and call on Amy. I should like to see her again. I used to be terribly fond of her; she was a sweet little lass!'

That brief August holiday was to the full as delightful as Lucy's brightest dreams had pictured it. 'I wish I could get country work,' said Charles; 'the fresh air suits you two wonderful.'

'I wish you could,' said Lucy. 'But there,' she added, 'it is a shame to say a word; why, lots of folk, worse than we, can't even have a day or two like this to set 'em up. It has been lovely, Charlie—something to think about all winter.'

CHARLIE JOINED HIS WIFE ON THE PLATFORM.

'And it ain't over yet, little woman. We needn't go till the four o'clock train to-morrow; that'll give us plenty of time to call at Stepney, and see Amy; it'll be growing cooler then.'

But the pleasant holiday came to an end at last, like everything else, and on Tuesday afternoon the long train went whirling towards town, and Lucy took her last lingering look at the green fields and the shining river, before the closely-built houses shut them from her view; and soon after the train drew up at Stepney.

'Amy'll be surprised to see us, I reckon,' said Charles, as they walked through the close streets.

'That she will,' replied Lucy, 'I wonder if her husband'll be at home; I never seen him.'

'Nor I, neither,' said Charles. 'Nelson street,' he added, looking up at a name over his head; 'here we are. It's a poor-looking street, Lucy; closer and narrower than ours, even.'

'Ever so much,' replied Lucy; 'and does not the pavement seem hot after the cool grass and the water?'

The door of No. 6 stood open, and a child sat on the door-step.

'Does Mr. Green live here?' asked Charles.

'Right up a-top,' was the answer. Lucy felt the hot atmosphere grow hotter as they mounted the stairs, and was sorry her cousin should live in such a stuffy place.

A sweet faint voice called 'Come in!' when they knocked at the topmost door, and Lucy turned the handle and entered.

A slight, girlish figure, with soft fair hair and gentle blue eyes, rose from a chair by the open window, and, with a cry of pleasure and surprise came forward to meet them.

'Lucy and Charlie, too! Well, this is like old times. How bonny you're looking, Lucy; and baby, too. My poor little man is very weakly.'

'You don't look much to boast of yourself, Amy,' said Charles; 'you flushed a bit when we came in, but you are as white as can be now.'

'The heat tries us both,' she replied; 'these top rooms are always the hottest, and there is no air to speak of, even in the street'; and she sank down on a chair, and turned so white that Lucy thought she was going to faint. Just then a fretful cry came from a cradle in one corner of the little room, and Amy was about to rise and go to it.

'You bide quiet a bit,' said Lucy; 'I'll take up baby; our sudden coming's upset you and woke him.'

She set her own baby down on the floor, with a rattle to amuse her, and took up Amy's.

'When does your husband come in, Amy?' asked Charles.

'I'm expecting him to his tea every minute,' she answered; 'he gets half an hour for tea.'

'Where does he work?' asked Charles.

'He's a clerk at Stepney Station, in the ticket office,' said Amy, rather proudly.

'You want a little holiday in the country to set you up, Amy,' said Lucy, as she bustled actively about, setting out the table, whilst Amy watched her brisk movements with wistful eyes. 'We've only had three days, and I feel up to anything. It's done both me and baby a wonderful lot of good.'

'Yes, I was to have taken baby to mother's for a week or two, only—only I wasn't able to'; and the tears swam in Amy's eyes, but she whisked them rapidly away, and smiled brightly as she added, 'Here's Ernest.'

A quick step sounded on the stairs, and a young man entered, who seemed almost too big for the little room, and whose tall figure and dark hair formed a striking contrast to his slight, fragile-looking wife.

He received his new cousins cordially, and they were soon sitting talking like old friends over the homely meal.

'Amy wants a breath of country air,' said Charles presently, as he noticed that she ate nothing, and drank her tea with feverish thirst. 'Look at Lucy's fine appetite.'

Ernest Green looked sadly at his young wife as he answered: 'Yes, 'twould be the saving of her, and baby too, to get away out of this terrible heat; and she was to have gone to her mother's to-day, but I was fool enough to lose a sovereign last week—gave wrong change to someone, I suppose. I was sent up to Fenchurch street on Saturday, to help through with the holiday crush, and I was a pound out in the evening; that meant more than half my week's wages, and poor Amy had to give up her country trip. I shall never forgive myself.'

'I wish you'd think no more about it, Ernest,' said his wife; 'you've nearly worried yourself ill as it is. I shall be better when the weather cools a bit. And, after all, I would rather be you who has lost the money than the person who has kept it wrongfully.'

Charlie said nothing, but he felt very uncomfortable; while Lucy bent down to hide the flush that rose to her face.

It was not till after they reached home that they spoke on the subject. 'What shall we do, little woman?' said Charlie, sitting down by Lucy.

'Oh, Charlie, I never felt so ashamed in all my life,' she said, beginning to cry.

'I felt horrid and mean, too,' he said, 'I haven't the courage to tell her, I really have not; but we'll send it back in a registered letter, without any name. And, Lucy, if you don't mind pinching a little, we might send two pounds, and I'll work over-time till we're straight.'

'Oh, Charlie, I don't mind how we pinch, so as our minds can feel clear, and poor Amy can have her holiday!'

'I shall never forget it, though,' said Charlie; 'I could ha' gone through the floor with shame at tea. I'll paint up a motto, to remind us, and hang it on the wall: "Wrong's wrong, and right's right."'

Hold On.

'Never think that God's delays are God's denials,' says a cheery writer. 'Hold on; hold fast; hold out.' Many an answer comes after we have turned faithlessly away, and are not at hand to welcome it.

'Hold on, my heart, in thy believing,
The steadfast only win the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all,
Shall stand though heaven and earth shall fall.

'Hold out! There comes an end to sorrow;
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The Cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth, cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!'

—'Forward.'

Correspondence

AN OFFER ACCEPTED.

In a recent number of the 'Messenger, Ella R. kindly offered to send some 'Children's Records,' to anyone applying for them. Ella will see by the letters published to-day that several correspondents would be glad to have her 'Records.' We are sure she will get some grateful letters in acknowledgment.

Kenmore, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since last January, and like it very much. My grandpa has taken the 'Witness' for about thirty years, and he says he could not do without it. My father is a blacksmith, and so was my grandfather, and my great-grandfather, and my great-great-grandfather. My sister Maude has a wheel, and I learned to ride it this summer. I am in the fourth reader. I will be very pleased to accept of Ella R.'s kind offer of the 'Children's Record.' My address is, Gertie McArthur, Kenmore, Ont. Yours truly,

GERTIE.

Oshawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for one year, and I like it very much. I have just made a renewal for another year.

I think it is so interesting for young people to read. You can find so much good reading in it for everybody. And, dear Editor, I believe if there were more young folks that would take the 'Messenger,' there would be more to find Christ in their youth.

Please accept this, my first letter to the 'Mesenger.' I remain, your reader,

FLORA G.

P.S.—I would be very much pleased if Ella R. would send me some of the 'Children's Records.' I saw her offer in my Messenger,' to-day, and I think by her letter that she would be pleased to send them to me. My address is, Flora Gilbert, Oshawa, Ont.

Mount Angelo, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, just five years old. I can't write. Mamma must write it for me, but I want a letter in the 'Messenger,' too. I have one sister and two brothers. My brother Willie is in Harbor Grace spending a time with his aunt. We live on a farm. We have six cows, and one horse, named Paddy, and a nice dog, named Stanley; he plays with me. Papa takes the 'Witness' and the 'Messenger.' We all like the 'Messenger,' and mamma reads the letters to me. I want mine there, too. I know all my alphabet, and I intend to study hard and learn to read the 'Messenger' for myself. I am going out to school by and by. Your little friend,

THOMAS H. C. J.

Gladwin, Michigan.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I am very fond of reading the correspondence. I have two pet cats, one is black and the other one is grey. The black one's name is Dinky, and the gray one's name is Tommy. I have a dog and a pet canary. I remain, your eleven-year-old reader,

ELLA M. H.

Carleton Place, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much.

I have three sisters; the baby is a dear little girl six months old. I go to day-school, as regularly as possible. I enjoy studying, and am getting along well, as I have a good teacher. We were camping on the lake shore for one month, during the summer holidays, and it did me good, as I came back stronger and better able to do my work at school. I am about nine years old. I remain, yours,

EDWIN R. C.

Woodbridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from this place. My sister and I live with our grandpa and grandma, because we have no mamma. I have two sisters and one brother. I am the oldest. My papa went to Manitoba this summer, and came home last Friday. Not far from where he was working a stable was struck by lightning, and one man was killed and seven horses, and several other men were badly hurt; papa had slept there the night before. Grandpa has only two horses, their names are Nell and Doll.

We have one old cat we call Polly, and two kittens. I go to school every day. We don't have any Mission Band here; but I have an aunt in India and a cousin in China, so that we hear about missions. I like to read the stories in the 'Messenger,' and grandma reads to us out of the 'Witness.' Your eight-year-old reader,

ETHEL E. J.

Smithville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am just nine years of age. I have just seen one letter before this one from Smithville, and that was from Myrtle W. I thought hers was very nice and interesting. I go to school, and I am in the senior second class. My father is a Presbyterian minister. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have no pets. I had a little black kitten, but it went away. I have a little brother and sister. My brother is five years old, and my sister is three. We have not been long from Manitoba; I was born there. Your true reader,

ENA H.

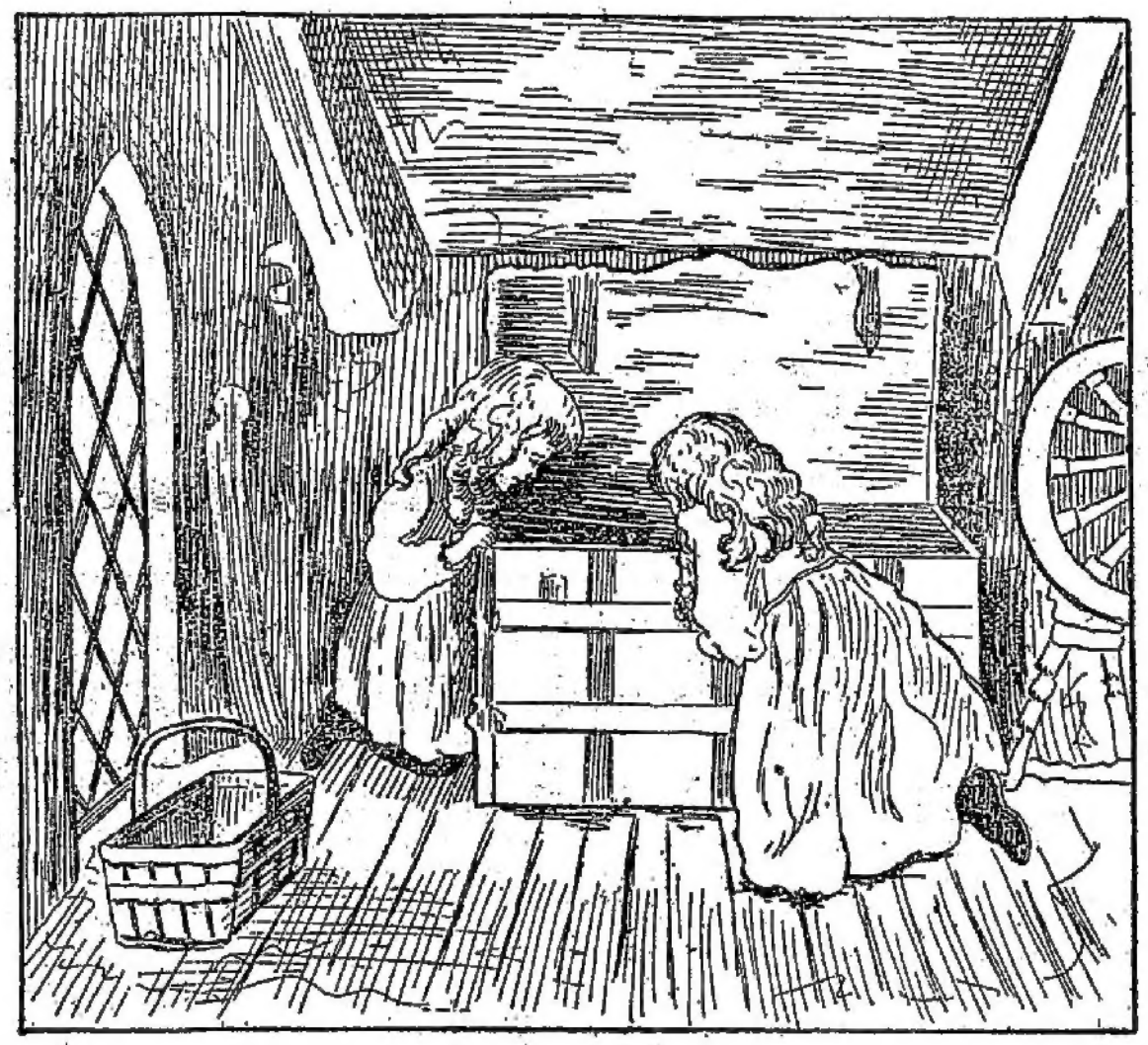
Papa's Forget-Me-Nots.

'Oh, here's an old ribbon! Isn't it homely?'

'Yes, but grandma liked it—one edge yellow and one edge plaided. How funny! but I think I'll take the yellow for a doll's sash. Let me unfold it. Why—why—here's a little box dropping out!'

'Oh, Nellie Chase, I do believe it must be grandma's ring!'

For grandma had looked and looked, and talked and talked about a ring that grandpa had given her, and that she never found. Slowly the little girls untied the paper round the box, and there, resting on pink cotton, was grandma's treasure! A little band of



PAPA'S FORGET-ME-NOTS.

forget-me-nots made of tiny blue stones ran all around a plain gold ring.

There was a great excitement. Everybody in the house must see the ring; and mamma, of course, must have it.

It was a rainy Saturday, and, as usual, papa studied his Sunday-school lesson in the evening.

'Did you see the ring, papa?' asked the little girls.

'Yes.'

'It was grandma's only jewel,' said mamma.

'I'm looking for treasures myself,' said papa.

'Why, Papa Chase, you've only got your Bible!'

'But my bible is old, too, and grandma loved it. And it is full of treasures, and just now I found a forget-me-not jewel. Shall I show it to you?'

'In the bible, papa?'

'Yes, little girlies.' And papa drew his little ones close to him, an arm around each, as he said: 'This is my jewel: 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? . . . Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."'

Isn't that a great jewel to bring out of an old treasure house? There are many forget-me-nots in the bible. The little girls moved slowly away and began soon to talk again about grandma's ring. But ever after, when they went to the old trunk, they remembered about papa's treasure house and his forget-me-nots.—'Mayflower.'

Business First and Pleasure After.

'Put the young horse in the plough,' said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the grey mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

'Where are we going now?' he said, when he got to the top. 'This is very pleasant.'

'Back again,' said Dobbin.

'What for?' said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

'What are we going back for?' he asked, turning round.

'Keep on,' said the grey mare, 'or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels.'

'Very odd, indeed,' said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

'How long is this going on,' asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and he fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

'How long will this go on?' he asked, turning to the grey mare.

'Keep up, I tell you, or you'll have me on your heels.'

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

'Well,' he said, when the gears were taken off, 'if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it.' But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got—not reconciled to it, but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats, 'Say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing! Do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it.'

'How do you like your oats?' said Dobbin.

'Delicious!' said the young horse.

'Then please to remember that if there was no ploughing there would be no oats.'—'Australian Christian World.'

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LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 13.

The Assyrian Invasion.

II. Kings xix., 20-22, 28-37. Memory verses 32-34. Read the chapter and Psalms xlvi., and xlviii.

Golden Text.

'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'—Psa. xlvi., 1.

Home Readings.

M. II. Kings xix., 1-19.—Sennacherib's blasphemous letter.

T. II. Kings xix., 20-37.—The Assyrian invasion.

W. II. Chron. xxxii., 1-23.—'With us is the Lord our God.'

T. Psa. xlvi., 1-11.—'God is our refuge and strength.'

F. Psa. xlviii., 1-14.—'This God is our God forever.'

S. Psa. cxviii., 1-29.—'The Lord is on my side.'

S. Psa. xviii., 1-29.—'I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.'

Lesson Story.

Hezekiah, 'the perfect king of Israel,' rebelled against the king of Assyria, to whom he had been paying tribute. Sennacherib, king of Assyria, with a mighty army, took captive and laid waste all Israel and came to Judah, then Hezekiah sent much gold and silver to Sennacherib, and begged him to go away. The Assyrian king sent an army to Jerusalem, the leaders of which taunted the Jews with their inability to cope with such a great host and blasphemously defied Jehovah to save his people from the Assyrian army.

When Hezekiah heard their threats and taunts he was much disturbed and went to the temple to pray for help. He sent also to Isaiah to beseech God to protect his people. But Isaiah met the messengers with a proclamation from God, bidding the king to fear not. Again the king of Assyria sent a threatening letter which Hezekiah prayed much about. Again God sent word by Isaiah that the prayer was heard, and that God had heard the blasphemy of Sennacherib and would punish him for it. Moreover God promised that the Assyrians should not come into Jerusalem, or even shoot an arrow at it, 'For I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.'

That very night as the Assyrian army lay in camp God sent the messenger of death and slew one hundred and eighty-five thousand of them. The dismayed Sennacherib with his few surviving warriors, departed early the next day and was afterwards slain in his own land by two of his sons.

Thus did Jehovah deliver Jerusalem in answer to prayer.

Lesson Hints.

'Sennacherib' (pronounced Sennak-erib)—a mighty conqueror, son of Sargon, King of Assyria. Nineveh was his capital.

'I have heard' — God hears and answers all real prayer. (Isa. lxv., 24.)

'Daughter of Zion'—Jerusalem, the city of God's temple.

'Blasphemed'—by likening Jehovah to the idol gods of other nations. (Isa. xxxvii., 10-12.)

'Put my hook in thy nose'—as one would lead a wild bull. God's omnipotence is not to be mocked at by the mightiest men.

'Sign unto thee'—Hezekiah was to know by this that Isaiah's message was true.

'The remnant'—God would not permit his people to be wholly destroyed, there will always be a remnant. (Isa. vi., 13: xi., 12: Rev. vii., 4-8.)

'I will defend this city'—not because its inhabitants deserve it, but for the sake of David, and for the sake of God's promises to David.

'That night'—a speedy fulfilment of the promise.

'The angel of the Lord' — probably this messenger was in the form of a pestilence which silently and swiftly did its deadly work.

'When they arose'—Sennacherib and those of his followers who were still alive.

'So'—because Jehovah had saved his people and put to flight the Assyrians, Sennacherib returned to his own country, and never again ventured near Judah, though he lived some years after this.

Questions.

1. What did Hezekiah do in his great trouble?
2. How was he comforted?
3. Who defeated the Assyrians?
4. Why did Sennacherib depart?
5. What do we learn about prayer?

Suggested Hymns.

'Blessed hour of prayer,' 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,' 'Ho, my comrades,' 'God moves in a mysterious way,' 'When storms around are sweeping,' 'He is able to deliver thee.'

Lesson Hymn.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea;
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown;
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf;
And cold as the spray on the rock-beaten surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

—Byron.

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

Prayer is the Christian's breath, and our Heavenly Father loves to hear the deep, regular breathing of his children. Verse 20.

They have wrong ideas about God who despise his goodness. Verses 21, 22.

They who fight against God always lose the battle. Verses 28, 29.

The Lord has a people in all lands to whom he shows wonderful favor. Verses 30, 31: also Isaiah li., 11.

The enemies of God must yield sooner or later to the King of all kingdoms. Blessed are they who have such a king reigning in their heart. Verses 32-34.

They whom God smites are sorely wounded, yet the wilfully impenitent are their own executioners. Verses 35-37. Proverbs x., 27.

Tiverton, Ont.

Lesson Illustrated.

Here we have the clasped hands representing the prayer of Hezekiah, in the midst of the besieged Jerusalem. Yellow rays coming down upon it, are God's loving answer, while over the tents of the besieging As-

syrians settles down slowly that darkness of death, blotting out that great army. How often the storm clouds that have seemed to hang over the heads of God's people have burst upon their enemies.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Nov. 13.—Christian recreation.—Isa. xxxv., 1-10.

The Immediate Conversion of the Scholars.

In the work of the Sunday-school teacher there is nothing so important as the conversion of his scholars. If the conversion of the members of his class is so important, he should do everything in his power to secure it as soon as possible. He should labor for their immediate conversion. And this for a number of reasons which we will specify.

Because now is God's time. God, in his word, says: 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' In the great work of securing the salvation of the unsaved the nearest future dare not be depended upon. Not to seek their conversion now shows a disregard for the way God would have us to undertake this great work.

There will never be a more favorable time for the conversion of his scholars than now. In many cases, if individuals are not converted in early life they will never be converted. In early life the heart is less occupied by the world and worldly thoughts and ambitions than later on, is more susceptible to religious influences, and has fewer sins to repent of than in more mature years. If the teacher neglects to make use of his opportunity now, he will find the difficulties of reaching the hearts of his scholars will increase day by day, and the probabilities also that they will never be converted.

It is to the advantage of the scholars to be converted early in life. Youth is preeminently the time for laying the foundation of a useful and blessed Christian character. For this reason the most devoted and efficient workers in the Lord's vineyard, as a rule, were converted to God early in life. It gives an opportunity for long enjoyable service in doing good. Who would exchange the unspeakable satisfaction of being a child of God and an heir of heaven, for the doubts and fears of twenty, or thirty, or fifty years, 'without God and without hope in the world.' The greatest possible happiness of the scholars, for time and eternity, can only be secured by leading them to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls while young.

Efforts to secure the immediate conversion of the scholars should be unceasing. The prospects may at times be anything but favorable, but the teacher must not become disheartened. The words of holy writ, that 'his labors are not in vain in the Lord,' apply to him as much as to any other worker for God. The prayer offered, the exhortations given, the consistent life lived will not fail of blessed results.—'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

Hints to Housekeepers.

(By Eliza R. Parker.)

Every housekeeper should know:

That salt should be kept in a dry place.

That melted butter will not make a good cake.

That veal should be white, dry and close-grained.

That the colder eggs are the quicker they will froth.

That good management is better than a good income.

That mutton should be deep red and close-grained.

That nutmegs should be grated at the blossom-end first.

That to make good pastry the ingredients must be very cold.

That the best poultry has firm flesh, yellow skin and legs.

That lemons will keep for weeks if covered with cold water.

That the best beef is moderately fat and the flesh of a bright red color.

That pork should be fine, close-grained and the rind smooth and thin.

That sixty degrees is not too low for the temperature of a dining-room.

That soap and chalk mixed and rubbed on mildewed spots will remove them.

That a brush dipped in salt-water should be used in cleaning bamboo furniture.

That oil-stains may be removed from wall-paper by applying, for four hours, powdered pipe-clay mixed with water to the thickness of cream.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

A Lasting Effect.

Joseph McClelland, Brookholm, Ont., subscriber for a club of 'Northern Messenger,' writes:—'I know of no better paper that could be placed in the Sabbath-school and its influence for good must have a lasting effect for good on the rising generation.'

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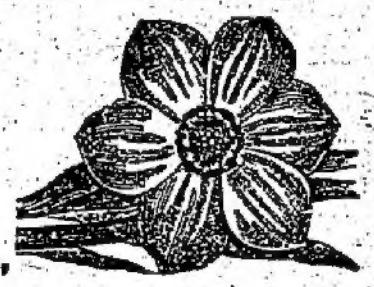

"YOUR WANTS SUPPLIED."

(*A Consecutive Story by the Advertiser*).

Chapter I.

If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two."

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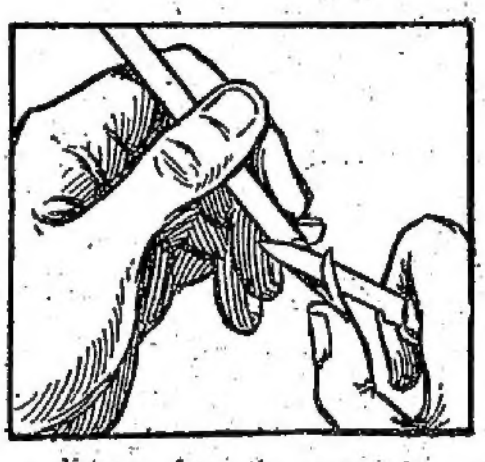

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We only handle a few of the best selling articles in the city, and as we buy these in larger quantities than the retail stores, we can get them at lower prices. Thus we are able to prepay postage or expressage and charge our customers city prices, and sometimes less than city prices, and still have a small but sufficient margin of profit to pay us. Hence those at a distance from the metropolis may have the same advantages enjoyed by Montrealers themselves. Perhaps more, because they have the benefit of our experience in selecting the best goods.

The first article we want to offer the readers of this paper is a pocket knife.

An outline cut can give but a poor idea of this handsome white bone handle knife, but it will serve to give an exact idea of its size and shape. (This handle is frequently sold as ivory, but it is really select bone.) The manufacture is of the best, being by the celebrated Rodgers, of Sheffield.

The Price.

This knife costs in local stores from 50c up. Our price: 50c to any address in Canada. Two or more knives in same box at 45c each. Send money by express or Post Office Order. (When writing for this knife refer to 'N. M.' No. I.)

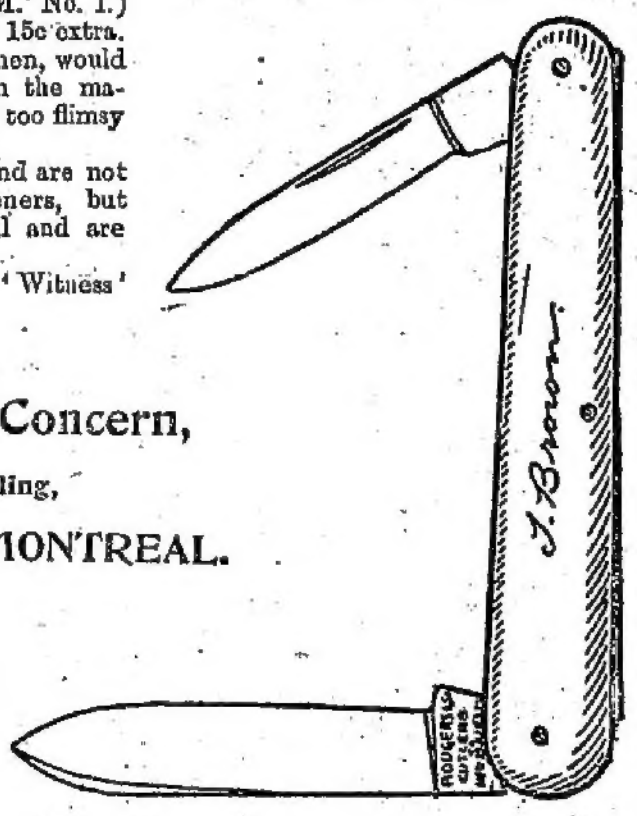
Name on handle, 25c extra. Initials, only 15c extra.

This Knife, though intended for gentlemen, would be found of much more use to a lady than the majority of ladies' knives—which are usually too flimsy for ordinary use.

These knives won't cut through nails and are not intended for pruning hooks or can openers, but they will put a fine point on a lead pencil and are keen and strong and dainty.

As we have taken up quarters in the 'Witness' Building, address

The Mail Order Concern,
'Witness' Building,
MONTREAL.



P.S.—These knives would be much appreciated as Christmas presents.

N.B.—Our chapter next week will take up the subject of Jack knives and Sailor knives.

LET US SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of "Herbaroot" which is a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Rheumatism and all Blood Diseases. Agents wanted. No investment or security required. Write for private terms to agents. Address, HERBAROOT MEDICAL CO., Post-office Box 544, Montreal

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

If your Sabbath-School does not distribute the "Northern Messenger" would it not be well to show this copy to your pastor or Superintendent?